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POPULAR TALES.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

MOUNT ROSS—A DUTCH LEGEND.

'Unapt to learn, and form'd of stubborn stuff,
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,
Grows conscious of the change, and likes it well.'

Jacob Cone, I am sure never dreamed of being a hero. He was outrageously tall—one redeeming quality, perhaps—but then his huge angular proportions, and introverted toes were the very antipodes of a hero. His hair, too, was a bright-red—who ever heard of a red headed hero? And his face was so bespangled with freckles, that a star-gazer might have calculated eclipses from it. His mammoth eyes were a greenish grey, and they turned in their sockets like the earth on its axis. His mouth formed a *patent hiatus* from ear to ear; and then his tremendous red nose—but why need any thing further be said in defence of my position? He was no beauty, and yet with all this odds against him, his deeds must be recorded; and it shall go hard with us, but we will erect a standard in Jacob Cone, which to coming ages shall shine unrivalled in the sentimental world, *the very pink of heroes*. He would not work, and study was out of the question. His mother entreated, his father threatened, and Simon Strong, the school-master, *laid on the birch*—all to no effect. He was one of those gravitating, incorrigible sons of the sod, whose very dreams tend downwards. Such, at least, was the term of Jacob's pupilage.

At the age of twenty-one, he was seized with a restless spirit of emigration, and, shouldering his wallet, in which was deposited a Sunday-suit, and a bright silver dollar, a lusty morsel of bread and cheese, and a huge, wooden tobacco-box, crammed full of the narcotic dainty, (save the small space necessary for the accommodation of a short stump of a pipe) on a sunshiny morning in May, Anno Domini 1801, he turned his back on the narrow limits of his nativity—New-England of course—and pushed his 'march of mind' westward. Jacob knew the world was large, for he had once 'footed it' to Boston, and was not greatly sur-

prised—he had been told that it was a curious place, 'brim full of notions,' and such he found it. He had heard, too, of the western world, and strange fancies crept over him—he somehow longed for the proof of that, also. Report said that people could live there without *work*, and that to him was the grand secret, the very '*summum bonum*' of existence. 'Let me but find that nook of earth,' thought Jacob, as he emerged from the paternal roof, 'where I may live in peace and quietness—sleep when I please—eat when I please, and smoke without disturbance; and hang me if I leave it in a hurry.' Our hero had contracted the vile habit of smoking, probably from that love of ease so common to gentleman of the pipe, and never could he exhale the delicious fume of a cold winter's day before a comfortable fire, but there was wood to chop; and there was *this* to do, and there was *that* to do; and it was Jacob do *this*, and Jacob do *that*; and then the ghostly proverb, 'he that will not work, neither shall he eat,' had been sounded in his ears, until he wished the proverb and the writer both at the ———. He flung the door after him with such violence, that the conclusion of his wish remains a secret with himself. Perhaps in strict justice to Jacob Cone, we ought to remark that his temper partook a little of the leaven of impatience. *That*, and a pertinacious regard to his own opinions, right or wrong, doubtless had quite as much to do with his spirit of emigration, as the love of peace and smoking. The third day of Jacob's pilgrimage brought him to the eastern border of the state of New-York. He had pursued his line of march due west, and this day he purposed to cross the 'mighty Hudson,' but so the *Fates*, if indeed they ever troubled themselves with Jacob Cone's affairs, had not decreed.

Our hero, having long since consumed his stock of bread and cheese, unlike any thing of poetry or romance, save the renowned nightingale that had sung 'all day long,'

"Began to feel as well he might,
The koeu demands of appetite."

Most gladly, therefore, did he hail the sight of a Dutch tavern, with its straw-clad roof, and

oven out of doors. The sign was suspended from the lower bough of a sturdy oak, which waved its lordly branches in front, and proclaimed the landlord's name in large Dutch characters, which supposing to be Greek, our hero did not rack his brains to puzzle out. He ascended three stairs of plank, which brought him upon the piazza, or as it is there called, *stoop*, being no more nor less than a kind of portico, extending the whole front length of the house, which measured some fifty feet—the width, perhaps, as many inches. 'What is the name of this here town?' inquired Jacob of a little-broad-faced, broad-skirted Dutchman, who sat smoking near the entrance of the door.

'Vy, 'tish Mount Ross,' returned the Dutchman, and kept on smoking.

'What county?' asked Jacob.

'Toochee,' said the Dutchman, puffing out a long cloud of smoke by way of accompaniment. Jacob had never heard of the county before, but the accompaniment he knew, by heart, and tuning his own pipe with as much dispatch as possible, he puffed away with all his might and main at the chorus.

'There is in soule a sympathy with sounds,'

says the poet. There is in smokers, a sympathy with smells, no doubt; and while these two amateurs of the pipe are regaling their olfactories with smoke, we will step aside for a moment, and historian-like, weave the web which is to contain the sum of their mighty achievements. The rich and highly cultivated county of Dutchess is connected on the north to that tract of land well known to every Dutchman by the name of Livingston's Manor.

The beautiful village of Pine Plains, with its tall spire and snow-white buildings, ranges itself along in a direct line from east to west, nearly two miles in length, exhibiting almost the only livery of 'English minds and manners,' which that luxuriant county affords. It was probably this single circumstance which formerly gave rise to its name. For, in spite of the vagaries of hill and dale which alternately meet the eye, as if skipping and laughing, jocund with the abundance of their fertility, this level plain stretched itself along the margin of the creek like a thirsty Arab, and has never since been known to move from that same identical position. It was therefore very properly called *Plain*; but from what source its adjective was derived, not the oldest Dutchman in all that region can possibly tell, as the only timber which it ever produced was *shrub-oak*, and that of the most diminutive size. It was, however, called Pine Plains—and Pine Plains it is still called; and if it never bore pine trees, it certainly could be made to bear fine houses, as a colony of English emigrants with Baron Ross at their head, soon proved to the wondering Dutchmen. Indeed, so rapid was the growth of this settlement, that Dominie Van Dycke declared in broad Dutch, that it reminded him of Jonah's gourd which sprung

up in a night—and then by way of finishing his sentence, he hinted in an under tone, that for aught he knew, it might perish as soon. He saw, however, that night and day pursued each other in constant succession, and still the Plains continued in safe possession of its rightful owner, for it had been fairly purchased of Honce Van Trump, the most extensive land holder and horse holder in all Dutchess county.

Honce Van Trump inherited his possession from his father, Honce Van Trump, *seniour*, as the English idiom would have it—but, according to the Dutch phraseology, Honce Van Trump *the big*; or, to copy literally their own dialect, *Honce de pig*; or more frequently by way of shortness, *pig Honce*. *Pig Honce*, then, lived no longer than just to hear that a company of Englishmen had landed at Red Hook, and were exploring the country to purchase land. He was heard to pronounce one long grumbling, guttural groan, in which nothing was intelligible save an oath of execration levelled against the invaders of his rights: his long wooden pipe fell from his mouth, and he expired, accordingly, leaving his son Honce, lawful heir to all his lands, his horses, and his hatred to the English.

For a while, he preserved the goodly bearing of his ancestry, and manifested on all proper occasions the determined spirit of a genuine Van Trump. But soon *report*, that never ceasing meddler in other men's matters, began to whisper that his hatred to the English was diminishing, along with his other patrimonial inheritance. Truth must be told. Honce loved nothing so well as the glistening ore. And when Baron Ross offered him a fair round sum for his uncultivated Plain, Honce laid down his pipe, got up and walked to the window which overlooked the Plain, counted his fingers by way of computation, looked again towards the Plain, uttered a deep, Dutch sigh and returned to his seat, evidently laboring with some powerful intestine commotion. He shook his little broad head in token of disapprobation—turned himself in his chair, fidgeted with his knee-buckle, looked at the bag of golden guineas which lay temptingly before him, and closed with the offer.

The person of Honce Van Trump was of no every-day character. His height might have been a fraction more than four feet, but his circumference was such as left his latitude and longitude very contestible points. His long-waisted, broad-skirted coat, of greasy drab, which adhered to him as closely as his outer skin, and his round-topped, broad-brimmed hat, of dusky white, which rested itself plump on his shoulders, gave to his appearance a glossy rotundity, not unlike an upright, mammoth goose-egg.

Such shone the illustrious Honce, on that memorable day in which Pine Plains fell into the hands of the English. The golden bribe which had wrung it from his grasp, was de-

posited in an iron chest, that *pig Honce* had brought over from Holland, but which during his life time, owing to the greediness with which he bartered its contents for lands and horses, had for the most of the time stood nearly empty—a circumstance which had proved a fruitful source of unhappiness between him and his good *vrouw*. She sprung from a thorough-going, money-loving stock, and inherited from her father, some good thousands in *solid silver*, which in an unlucky hour, she consented should be employed by her 'rightful lord and master,' *pig Honce* in enlarging the farm, and then stocking it with horses—a most necessary appendage to a Dutch farm. And although she never regretted the increased size of the farm, nor the increased number of its horses, nor the enormous quantities of grain which the farm must necessarily be made to yield, in order to feed the horses—although she gloried in every thing that looked like increase of wealth, and increase of labor, yet she could not endure the *decrease* of cash. Nothing would satisfy her, but she must have the *land*, and she must have the *cash* which was paid for it. In vain did *pig Honce* labor to convince her that it was impossible they could have both. She gave him no peace of his life—and she gave herself no rest until she had fairly fretted herself to death. And then *pig Honce*, partly out of respect to *her* memory, and partly out of respect to his *own*, declared point blank, he would never marry again. *Honce*, their only surviving offspring, was then in his tenth year. There is no impression so abiding as that which the mind receives in early childhood. And no one has such absolute power to give that impression as a mother. What a pity it could not always be of the right stamp. *Honce Van Trump* grew up to the length and breadth above mentioned, and his avarice grew up with him. But his unruly passion never discovered itself except in little matters, and small hoardings up, until after the demise of his father. How he was then over-powered by temptation, at the sight of so much gold, like Esau at sight of the pottage, my reader has already heard. But it remains yet to be disclosed that that moment was the last, of domestic peace. His better—or rather, his *larger* half—for *Honce Van Trump* had a wife—was not of the most pacific temperament. She hated no word in the whole arcana of Dutch literature so cordially as that, which being interpreted, signifies—*submission*. The balance of matrimonial power had for some time hung up a very doubtful issue. *Treen Van Trump* measured might and strength, and the right to exercise them by *bulk*—a principle which does not always hold good in philosophy. But if she was not a philosopher, she knew enough of arithmetic to ascertain that the balance of size resulted by several square feet in her own favor. Her deduction, therefore, was conclusive, that submission formed no part of her duty; but on

the contrary, that she was invested with the natural, unequivocal right to rule. So thought not *Honce*. And he determined to out-general her in spite of her number of *foot*, and make up in *tactics*, what he lacked in strength. Accordingly, he defended the garrison for the first six years of matrimony, during the enemy's fire, by erecting the bulwark of silence—and there he would sit in mute majesty, amid showers of grape shot, hailstones, and whirlwind, as calm as a clock, until *Treen Van Trump's* artillery required replenishing—and then they always enjoyed a short truce. Thus had *Honce Van Trump* endured a six years' campaign in the very heat of the enemy's camp without flinching. But when, at length, he dared to barter away his lands in the absence of *Treen Van Trump*, without even waiting for her voice on the subject, her furies burst forth with tenfold violence, and from that day the sky of *Honce Van Trump* was never clear.

And who can wonder, if at length he grew weary with the din and clamours of war; and when *Treen Van Trump* commenced her attack, *Honce Van Trump* commenced his march. He always betook himself to the field, or to the grove, or to the tavern, and there with his pipe and his *gin*, strove to beguile the time, and if possible, to solace himself for his loss of empire. Nor was this all. The clamors of his wife, perhaps, *Honce Van Trump* might still have found in some corner of his heart, patience to endure—for he had become in a measure, inured to them; but the additional upbraidings of his own conscience, and a superstitious fear—a presage ominous of he knew not what, haunted him in the shape of his father's ghost—and this accumulated load of suffering was too much for the stoicism even of a Dutchman. And so he spent whole days, and sometimes whole nights at *Dedrick Van Doozen's* tavern, trying to dispel his 'gathering ills,' by smoking, and sighing, and drowning his memory. And if *Treen Van Trump* felt disposed to grumble at his absence and neglect, yet she was abundantly consoled on the main point—*her love of rule*. Her accession to the throne was now impeded by no *let* or *clog* whatever; and she swayed the sceptre of her realm for a short time—*sole despot*.

Concluded in our next.

From the Telegraph and Observer.

MARY JONES.

Concluded.

At length the old man's passion accumulated to an ungovernable point and he began to stamp, and swear, and twirl his gold-headed cane to the no small astonishment of the youth; till, rising, he managed to beat himself across the floor, much after the style of a ship in his own time; when he aimed one of those threatening blows which had never failed to work his utmost pleasure. But the instrument, it seemed, had lost its charm: for the youth, with surprising dexterity, arrested it in its course,

wrenched it from his hand, and left him in a most unhandsome condition upon the floor, where he lay storming, and rolling, and blowing, with his fat sides playing up and down in the manner of a blacksmith's bellows, till his passion began to subside, and the lucid interval, of which I have spoken, came over him, like the sun beaming forth in splendor after a violent thunder storm in May. He then called upon Edward who was coolly standing by, to assist him to rise; after which he rang for the waiter, when sundry bottles, glasses, pipes, &c. were brought (for the Captain was a true sailor, and had not yet forgotten his early breeding) and the evening merrily spent in drinking, singing, and smoking; things at which, the Captain found his guest no bad companion: until at length, the wine lost its vivifying influence, the *nicotiana* its stimulant and vapoury charms, the song grew dull, and

¹ 'Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,'

paid one of 'her ready visits' to the Captain in his great arm-chair, and left our young friend to pursue such a course as best pleased himself. He, accordingly, as the reader will very naturally conclude, sought the apartment of the ladies, where

² 'His ready speech flowed far and free
In phrase of gentlest courtesy.'

Mrs. Jones was in raptures and Mary cast many a side-long glance at his handsome countenance. Nor had the lovely daughter of Captain Jones been less successful in captivating the heart of the interesting stranger. He thought he had never seen so many charms united in one person: so much beauty connected with so much wit, gaiety and soft dignity of manners. And her smile—Ah! there lay the charm—it was absolutely enchanting: at least, so I believe my gentle readers would have thought, had they witnessed its effect: and as his eye dwelt, perhaps too rudely, on that sweet expression which gave him so much delight, the blush of modesty, which it caused, only served to kindle into a flame the latent spark of passion slumbering in his bosom. The evening passed—rapidly and delightfully, to be sure, as all evenings do when Cupid makes one of the party, and when they rose to retire it was with feelings which neither had ever before experienced.

Mary threw herself upon her bed, but not to sleep. Her thoughts dwelt upon the handsome stranger—his voice still rang in her ears—his form was still before her eyes: she had been pleased—she had been admired—for a short time, she had been happy: she called to mind his kind attentions—an expressive look—a peculiar smile—a tender word—and dwelt upon them with all that ardour and delight which characterize the enthusiastic period of youth. I will not pretend to say that this was love. That passion, in its *true* sense, is not, I think, of so rapid a growth. It has more of friendship in its composition and takes a deeper hold on the warm affections of the heart. The hopes,

joys, and tender sympathies, which actuated Mary's bosom at this time seem, therefore, to have been only the *dawning* of that tender and delightful passion, which has been the theme of poets in all ages of the world. Yet had that dawn broken through a bright and lucid atmosphere, without a single cloud to obstruct its pure and spotless light. It had arisen in the ingenuous, confiding bosom of an artless maid, to whom life was all beauty, joy and loveliness. She was still engrossed by the delightful dreams of her ardent fancy, when the sound of light footsteps below alarmed her, and she flew to her father's apartment to ascertain the cause.

Edward retired to his apartment with feelings not much dissimilar from those already described. He had mingled much in society, and had seen female beauty in all its polished points, but there was a charm about Mary Jones which, to him, none other ever possessed; and his imagination lingered with delight about her simple elegance of form, her sweet, enchanting smile, and all the grace and loveliness which pervaded every look and every motion, until, provoked with his own folly, he resolved to think of her no more.

³ 'But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has, yet, a harder task to prove—
By firm resolve to conquer love.'

And so Edward found it, for, in spite of all his resolutions to the contrary, Mary Jones, with her sweet smile of love and tenderness, was ever uppermost in his fancy. His heart beat more violently than usual—his blood did not run so calmly in its wonted channels: and he turned and turned himself upon his bed till his very restlessness forced him to arise. For some time he walked his room and strove by dint of reason to dissipate the dreams which had gathered about him—it was in vain. He threw up a sash and looked upon the calm scene without. The storm had long since abated, and the air, loaded with the balm and perfume of its dew and flowers, was brooding over the landscape—all was full of the beauty, the glory, the life of nature.

It has been before intimated, that Edward loved to dwell upon the sublime works of the Invisible Hand; but he now looked out upon them with feelings which he had never before experienced. There was a mildness about the light of the moon, as its pale, mellow beams tinged the landscape with silver; and a softness in the twinkling of the stars, as they lay scattered, by the profuse hand of nature, over the bosom of the blue etherial arch; which had never struck him so forcibly. Nay, the landscape itself, thus fitfully relieved by light and shade, wood and field, land and water, if it was not really more beautiful than usual, at least, carried a more delightful sensation to his heart. In short, there was something in the scene, which, as it touched the chords of sympathy in his own bosom, seemed to respond to their vibrations in the sweetest harmony; and with

that species of rapture, which none but an amateur of nature can feel, he dwelt, for a long time, on the beauties thus spread out before him.

His eye, as it roved restlessly from one point of the landscape to another, was tracing the dark line of an extended wood, that emerged from the river and swept along the outline of the plain, when he thought he saw an object moving in its shadow. He watched it with an interest which the circumstance seemed hardly to warrant, and distinctly saw two men dismount from their horses and move towards the mansion. As they turned an angle of the dwelling to reach the door he detected in the air and dress of one, the villain Bettys, and in a moment the whole truth burst upon him.—It was Mary, of whom he had so ruthlessly spoken the day before, and her father's purse, that was the object of his cupidity. His blood chilled in his veins as he thought of the cool, deliberate wickedness of that accomplished villain, and he grasped his pistol instinctively, determined, if possible, to thwart him in his dark designs. His first impulse was to fly to his host, who slept in an adjoining apartment, and acquaint him with his danger; but the robbers were already at the door, and beside, he feared that his unwieldy intellect would not be able fully to comprehend it in so short a time.—He next placed himself at the door, which he set ajar, in order to fire on them as they passed: nor do I know how he was diverted from his purpose. Certain it is, however, that they passed him without being disturbed and quietly entered the old man's room. He was about to follow, when the light and delicate form of Mary Jones glided by him like a fairy, and unconscious of the scene which she was then to meet, slipped, with a noiseless step into the same apartment. Edward had hitherto acted irresolute, but he now sprang forward to arrest her progress—it was in vain—she was already in the *den of lions*, and e'er he reached the door her wild shriek of alarm went like a dagger to his heart. Another step, and a single glance, through the half opened door, served to show him Bettys standing at the head of the Captain's bed with a lamp in one hand and a naked blade in the other, ready for any deed of darkness. He rushed wildly into the room! Mary, before him in all her tender beauty, was struggling in the rude grasp of the other outlaw—'Villain! Wretch!!'—exclaimed the youth, with a voice that made the walls of the mansion tremble to their very foundation and as he spoke, his arm, nerved by vengeance with tenfold energy, dashed the miscreant to the floor, and the contents of his pistol sealed his doom forever. Mary fainted, the captain started wildly from his slumbers, Mrs. Jones rushed into the room; and amid the general confusion, Bettys found means to escape.

Morning came at length, and the Captain, after having done all due honor to his steak

and coffee, and having had the circumstances of the night explained to the full comprehension of his intellect, entered the parlour. Mary and Edward were sitting together—what they had been saying I cannot pretend to determine, but there was a soft tear trembling in her eye, and a bright mantle of red upon her cheek, as the youth bent over her with his mild countenance and speaking eye, which even the dulness of her father could not but observe as something peculiar. Our old friend walked directly to his great arm-chair, seated himself, and began to roll forth immense clouds of dense smoke from his enormous Dutch pipe, looking all the time at the young stranger, and thinking, no doubt, that he appeared remarkably well by the side of his daughter. At length he took the instrument from his mouth and laid it on the table as he said:

'Why, you're a noble fellow, my lad, a d—d noble fellow.'

Edward was silent.

'I warrant me you have seen the ocean in your time,' he continued.

'I was born upon it, sir.'

'Born upon it! the devil!'

'Yes.'

'Give us your hand, give us your hand,' said the Captain rising and waddling to the place of his guest, 'so, you're a sailor.'

'With all my heart.'

'And will accept of an old sailor's thanks and gratitude?'

'Nay, I have done nothing to deserve them.'

'But they say you have saved my life!'

'And if I have—'

'Why then you deserve my thanks—and—somewhat beside, methinks—come what shall I give you?'

Edward looked at the beautiful form by his side, and Mary blushed deeply, but both were silent.

'Here is a purse for you.'

The youth refused—the old man paused, resumed his pipe, and in a few moments the dense vapour was wreathing about his head in such quantity as would have done honor to the veriest Dutchman in all Christendom. At length he took his pipe in his fingers—the cloud lifted somewhat from his head, and he appeared to be talking to himself, relieving his ideas and words, like a true philosopher, with alternate draughts of the stimulant vapour, much after the following manner:—'A devilish fine fellow—puff, puff, puff—yes a *devilish* fine fellow—puff, puff—born upon the sea—puff, puff, puff—a sailor—puff, puff—puff, puff—saved my life—puff, puff, puff—Jack can find no fault, I'm sure.—With this conclusion he laid aside his pipe again:

'Come,' said he addressing the youth, 'come, come what say you to marrying my girl.'

'I am not worthy,' sighed he, tenderly taking her hand at the same time.

'That's a likely story,' said the Captain, bringing down his cane with a thundering

stroke upon the floor, 'but,' continued he, 'the girl's engaged.'

'Engaged.'

'Yes—' The old man then related the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted, and proceeded, 'but I'll write to Jack and he shall give his consent.'

'Nay,' said the youth, 'I know Clifton—he will never yield in that matter.'

'But he will!'

'He never will.'

'But he shall, he must,' said the Captain, thundering again upon the floor with his gold-headed cane.

'He has set his heart upon it.'

'And if he has, what of it? I say he will, he must, he *shall*, yield to me!' And as he spoke his walking stick, by sundry careless, but firm and unnatural movements, gave certain indication that he was in *real earnest*.

'But you will not break your promise?'

The old man looked grave—'No not to Jack Clifton.'

'Well then,' said the youth, rising and bowing, 'I have the honor to be *his son*.'

'The devil!'

'Yes.'

'Born on board the Nancy?'

'The same.'

'Give us your hand! by all that's devilish you shall have the girl and 50,000 to boot!'

'No.'

'Yes, I tell you,' thundering again with his cane.

'But not without her consent.'

'Not! well, what say you Mary?'

'I will obey my father,' said she blushing and looking affectionately at Clifton.

Union-Vale, Aug. 1830.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

Nicholas Biddle, a native of Philadelphia, and a brave captain in the American navy. In 1772, an exploring expedition was fitted out by the Royal Society of London, under the command of Lord Mulgrave; young Biddle, with Horatio, afterwards Lord Nelson, sailed on board as cockswains. The particulars of this expedition are well known to the public. In '75, having returned to Philadelphia, he took command of the brig Doria, of 14 guns, and 130 men; in a few days, captured two British ships, with 400 Highland troops destined for Boston. Such was his success in taking prizes, that when he arrived at Philadelphia, he had but five of the crew with which he sailed from New-London, the rest having been distributed among the captured vessels, and their places supplied by men who had entered from the prizes. In '77, he sailed from Charleston, S. C., in the Randolph frigate, of 32 guns, and in 3 days he fell in with, and captured, 4 British vessels mounting in all, 92 guns, and returned in triumph with his prizes. The next

year, a fleet was fitted out by South Carolina, consisting of the Randolph frigate, ship Gen. Moultrie, and the brigs Fair American, Polly, and Notre Dame. While in an action with the British ship Yarmouth, of 64 guns, in the W. Indies, the Randolph blew up, and out of 315, but 4 were saved; capt. Biddle was among the killed; he was universally lamented, he was in the prime of life, and had excited high expectations of future usefulness to his country, as an intrepid and skillful naval officer.

Daniel Boone, was born in England, 1730. While young, his parents emigrated to America, and settled in North Carolina. He, with a few others, were the first white men who settled in Kentucky, whence they emigrated in 1768. For 13 years, they suffered incredible hardships; and were, during a great part of this period, the only inhabitants; the intrepid Boone was taken prisoner by the Indians 27 times, and fought more than double that number of battles with them. Boonesborough was commenced on the first of April, 1775.

Elias Boudinot, L. L. D., a native of New Jersey, was a member and president of Congress, in 1782, and afterwards director of the National Mint; died 1821.

James Bowdoin, L. L. D., a philosopher and statesman; was governor of Massachusetts, president of the convention which framed the constitution of that state, and held various other important offices till 1787, and assisted in forming the 'American Academy of the Arts and Sciences,' at Boston, of which he was the first President.

John P. Boyer, president of Hayti, is a native of the Island. He succeeded Christophe in the presidency, and has given evidence of strong powers of mind, and talents for governing, which might be coveted by some of the more legitimate sovereigns of Europe.

Colonel Brandt, a famous Indian Chief, and intrepid warrior, before and during the revolution, sided with Great Britain; was engaged in the bloody massacre at Wyoming, on the Susquehannah, and in the attack on Minisink, N. Y.; died 1807.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUELLING—EXTRA.

In a populous and prosperous town of New-York, two peace-breaking riotous, dissolute men of middle life—the dread and abhorrence of their neighborhood, and nightly care of the watch, met at a small grog-shop to carouse.—They were jolly companions for an hour or so.

So sweet and uniform a concord of sentiment ran through all their speech, that their bosoms seemed the habitations of twin souls. With mutual nods of approbation they drained the glass. But the nicest instrument, will sometimes jar, and so at last did these worthies. When about half tipsy, they quarrelled and as the bitterness of their wrath bore some

portion to its stimulus, would have fought, had they not been disabled by the depth of their potations. Their blows, ill directed and feeble, fell hurtless, while their anger was inflamed by the consciousness of imbecility. They swore like madmen, and reeled and raged and nourished thoughts of murder, till in a delirium of passion, they proposed—to hang each other! The thought seemed to spring into either heart, so instant was the acceptance. They procured a rope, and with strange staring eyes, and fearful oaths, they staggered into the garret of the building, an unfinished room with bare beams and rafters. The rope was flung over a cross-tree beam, and each proceeded, with unsteady hands, to fasten an end to the neck of the other. One was mounted on a bench, and the other on a half bushel, and there they stood, swaying one way and the other, each calling on his antagonist to take his leap.

At length one, confident that his superior weight would draw up the other, swung off; but the rope would not play over the rough timber, and he had a fair chance of choking alone. He made a desperate effort, however, and succeeded in kicking the measure from under his fellow, and they both swung fairly above floor, like two gallows birds paying their forfeit. They had been watched; as long as their movements were merely ludicrous, the shopkeeper allowed them to proceed—but when they were fairly strung up and it had got to be no joke, but a downright hanging matter, he ran up stairs and cut the cord. The heavy man was terribly enraged by the disappointment, declaring the interference unfair, ungentlemanly and contrary to the code of honour, lamenting that he had not been permitted to hang his neighbor by so equal and impartial administration of the rope. The fright, however, together with the gentle squeeze about the windpipe, had quite choked the evil spirit of the other, who went away tolerably sober and entirely thankful.—*N. H. Adv.*

Revolutionary Anecdote.—An instance of remarkable courage and presence of mind has lately been related to us by an old revolutionary officer, which we do not remember ever having seen in print. During the engagement which terminated in the capture of Fort Montgomery by the British, the captain of a gun in one of the redoubts, a tall, strapping, rawboned countryman, was noticed to display unusual zeal and activity, annoying the enemy much with his rapid and destructive fire. He had finished loading his piece for the last time, just at the moment when the redoubt was on the point of yielding, but unwilling to lose the opportunity of another shot he hastily seized the linstock to discharge the cannon. As he was in the act of applying the match to the touch hole, a ball whizzed through the port and severed his arm from his body, caused the linstock to fly from him to the ground with a force that almost extinguished it. Without heeding the mutilation, he sprang towards it,

took it up with his left hand, and deliberately fired off the gun in the very moment that the redoubt surrendered.—*New-York Post.*

Mother Wit.—A countryman, about to alter his condition, appeared last week before a magistrate to swear the affidavit required by the new marriage act, when, on its being read to him, he complained that he did not understand it. 'Not understand it,' said his worship, who was not overburdened with sense—'Not understand it; why, you must be quite a fool.' 'No, I ben't quite,' said Clod, drily 'but I be very near one.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 23, 1830.

Token of Regard.—This is the title of a volume of pleasant and instructive readings, delivered by Mr. James M. Garnett, principal of the Elm-wood school, to his pupils. Mr. Garnett is said to be eminently qualified for the arduous and highly responsible task of a teacher of youth, and has long been favorably known to the public as an author, by his justly celebrated strictures on female education. The present work evinces both taste and judgment, and will no doubt add to his literary reputation. It may be safely recommended to youth, and to those engaged in the instruction of youth.

Woodworth's Melodies.—These poems are to be published in New-York, about the beginning of November. In addition to the embellishments of the first edition, which appeared in 1827, the present volume will contain three elegant engravings; several new pieces will also be added to the former selection. Mr. Woodworth is a popular writer and we hope his book will be generally patronised.

SUMMARY.

The Papal Rose.—It is customary for the Pope to give every year a golden rose, ornamented with diamonds, to whichever of the powers of Europe appears in his eyes to be the most distinguished for sincere piety. His counsellors intrigue deeply to obtain the preference, every one proposing his favourite nation. The general of the Jesuits has carried it off this year. And who do the public think is the prince beyond all others the *enfant cheri* of Father Roothan? Don Miguel! He will receive the rose—*Le Mercure Etranger.*

Premium Butter.—The committee of the Massachusetts Agricultural society, have offered two premiums, one of \$100 and the other of 50, for the two best parcels of butter, not less than 300 lbs. each, that may be sent from any state in the union, and exhibited at Boston on the 2d of December next.

It is stated that the living skeleton has made a visit to his home in Vermont, preparatory to a voyage to Europe, having engaged himself for two year's exhibition for forty thousand dollars, conditioned that for every pound of flesh he gains, \$500 is to be deducted.

The present King of England was once a Lieutenant under the immediate command of Admiral Coffin.

Within the last twelve months, seventy or eighty thousand dollars in gold has been received at the State Bank of North Carolina, from the southern gold mines.

The King of the French.—The *Paris Journal des Debats* speaks of the favorable impression which has been made by the popular demeanor of the new king. He walks abroad alone, in his surtout with a round drab hat, and his umbrella in his hand, and is met in the streets and on the quays, undistinguishable from the plainest citizen. Before, the monarch was only seen in his gilt coach, drawn by six or eight horses, escorted by guards, and so forth.—*National Gazette.*

MARRIED.

At Kinderhook, David Van Schaack, Esq. to Miss Catherine Sickles, both of that village.

At Coxsackie, on the 5th inst., Mr. Peter Van Deusen, merchant of this city, to Miss Eliza Cuyler, of the former place.

At Hilledale, on Saturday the 9th inst. Mr. Frederick Mesick, merchant of the firm of Mesick & Dean, of this city, to Miss Joanna Latting, daughter of Refine Latting, Esq. of the former place.

At New-York, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Knox, Capt. Henry Hubbel, of this city, to Miss Eliza Kip, youngest daughter of Isaac Graham, Esq. of the former place.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

AUTUMNAL SCENES.

But oh, the glories of an autumn eve !
The forests and the woodlands have put on
Their variegated mantle, bright with gold
And purple, and their many coloured tints
In beauty blended ; from the sombre brown
That palls the mountain top, and the deep green
That spots its chequered side, to the gay robe
Of orange and of scarlet spread below.
It is as though the mighty hand that traced
The painted landscape, dashed confusedly there
His gaudiest colours, ere with skillful stroke,
He touched the fields with beauty. To his rest
The sun sinks slowly, and his parting ray
Still lingers on the tall church spire,—'tis fled,—
But the bright clouds high piled along the west
He gilds with glory. 'Tis in hours like this
That in the flow of recollection comes
The memory of past scenes, joyous or sad.—
We oft in childhood's days, at set of sun,
Escaped the birchen rod, and school-boy task,
And with the merry gambol tired, it pleased
On the green banks or low church steps reclined,
To watch their varying and fantastic forms.
Then, fancy led, delighted have I seen
The airy fabric, built by viewless hands,
Turret o'er turret, arch o'er arch to rise
Incongruous and wild ; a palace now
With glittering half formed portals ; now a tower
Portentous with its brazen battlements ;
Now spreading to a city in the sky,
Magnificently grand it floated on.
Still have I gazed 'till as by magic touched
The fleeting pageant, temple, mosque, and tower,
Bastion and barbican crumbled away,
And in their stead, strange and ideal shapes,
And nameless monsters, Proteus like arose.
So passed these airy spectres, dimly seen,
'Till in the deep'ning twilight all was lost.

Z.

PRIZE ADDRESS.

Written in honor of the Centennial Celebration, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and spoken by Mrs. Russell, at the Tremont Theatre on the evening of its opening.

Spirit of Memory !

Thou that hast garnered up the joys and tears
And all the hoary spoils of buried years,

We bow to thee :

O, lift thy veil, and bid the Past appear !
'Tis gathering—slowly gathering—on my sight—
Those dark, old woods, where Death and Night
Held their companionship—were here !
Here, where the Muses' Temple stands,
Rung the fierce yell of savage bands,

And save their withering cry,
Or glimpse of savage warriors' flight,
Like the red meteor's flashing light
That meets, yet mocks the eye—

Save these, the waters and the wood,
Stretched in unbroken solitude—
Lone, fearful, desolate, and sad the scene,
For here the Dove of Peace had never been,
Brooding o'er human hearts till Hope was given,
And the rude child of earth became the glorious heir of
heaven.

A sail! a sail! o'er yonder wave
A freighted bark is sweeping on!
Land of the learned, the proud, the brave,
Mourn'st thou no treasure gone?
Thou Island-empire—forth from thee,
Like Wisdom from the Thunderer's brow,
Sprang the bright form of Liberty;
And steadfast men have joined her train,
Nor faggot's blaze, nor dungeon's chain
Can their firm purpose bow;—
They would have held thy guarded pass,
Or shared thy doom, Leonidas,
Had *faith* and *duty* cheered them on;—
They come! that Pilgrim band—they come!
This lone land is their chosen home,
And this broad world is won!

Those were our FATHERS—those were MEN—
When shall we look upon their like again?
Slowly as spreads the green of earth
O'er the receding ocean's bed;
Dim as the distant stars come forth—
Uncertain as a vision fled,
Has been the old world's toiling race,
Ere she could give a nation place.
Come hither ye, who countless ages scan,
Searching the doubtful course of social man;
Come, learn that Freedom mocks Time's slow career,
Seizes his hoard, and showers his treasures here;
But spurns his errors, hallowed e'er so long
By seer, or sage, in sermon or in song.
And ye, who would the deathless spirit bind,
Come hither, and its unshorn strength be taught;
Nor till ye calm the wave, and curb the mind,
Dare to set bound'ries to the realm of thought!
And now, while here in Freedom's light we stand,
And hail the birth-day of our glorious land,
Who does not feel a mighty power prelates,
For good or evil, as the Drama guides?
That while *opinion* regulates the age,
Virtue should rise the guardian of the Stage?
Friends of the Stage, that still with ready smile,
Approve our efforts, and reward our toil,
It rests with you to banish Folly's train,
And, leagued with Virtue, bid the Drama reign;
Rousing the soul to high and generous deeds,
Melting the bosom when soft Pity pleads,
Till reverend Age, and pure-eyed Youth draw near,
And feel the sanctity of home is *here*—
And Genius waking, strikes his harp of flame
And in the proud career of Mind our Country seeks her
fame!

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because he is an adder-up.

PUZZLE II.—Because it forms our *habits*.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

A gentleman observed to another that an officer in
the army, whose rank indicated the fact, had left his
house without paying rent. *Quere*, What was the rank?

II.

Why are the writings of the *Spectator* like Rodgers'
penknives?

WANTED,

A smart active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an
apprentice to the Printing Business.

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